Ode to Loki

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Ode to Loki

by Zigzagwanderer

Summary

This is just a bit of fluff I wrote in response to a lovely comment I received this morning on 'Long May it Sustain Them.' It happens in the middle of Will and Hannibal's first winter on Vakkrehejm, their archipelagic hideaway. Thank you to victorine and everyone else who spares me a look.xxxxxx

Bedelia said; nobody respects sweetness.

And, after an evening of testing their new, home-brewed mead, with Will merrily sloshing it over his dessert ice-cream and telling Hannibal how well it matches his eyes, Hannibal thinks how sound her instincts were.

It may or may not be an accurate compliment, for Hannibal's colouring is as much vinegar as honey, but by this point Will is holding Hannibal very close, and they are dancing without really moving in their dimly lit kitchen, to some soft, dark song Will likes but never plays, so instead of arguing, Hannibal just kisses him.

Will tastes of nectar, and the slow fermentation of desire.

There is a blizzard outside, but that night, Will burns like yew-wood for Hannibal, hot and fast and with a hard, bright flame.

A few weeks later, when the winter ice permits, Vakkrehejm receives its mail. Hannibal has a parcel of some rare tea he wished to try, some letters for the attention of Eirik Buckley, and a scarf of blue he has ordered especially for Will.

Will licks jam off his fingers and opens his own, modest postal delivery. It is from a cheap printing company in Estonia. He shakes the plastic envelope and a large t-shirt falls out onto the table. He spreads it so that he and Hannibal can look at what Will has had emblazoned upon Hannibal's gift.

The Gothic script is bold and creepy. The words on the shirt clearly read; "Gaslighting Asshole."

"Uh." Will coughs a little on a toast-crumb. "Yeah. That time I drank all that mead. And tried to dress Conn in a waistcoat. Guess I thought this was kinda funny. At the time."

Hannibal tsks and gets up. He has only the best of memories from that night, including it being the first time Will was brave enough to use his tongue. Anything else is not so very important. In its own way, it is an apt souvenir.

He checks on the dogs. "I cannot approve of the expletive, Will. But the overall thought is appreciated. I suggest we try on our presents in a more comfortable environment?"
Will stares. "You're going to wear the t-shirt."
Hannibal nods agreeably. "Of course. I will put on the t-shirt, and you can put on the scarf."

He makes his way to the staircase. As he starts to ascend, he turns and shows Will how dark and scalding honey can be, when it is hot.
"But just the scarf, Will," he warns, for no good deed goes unpunished. "Nothing else. Just the scarf."

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